

# The Spotlight on Katydid's Top Note

## Mr. Raymond Dittmars, a Leader in the Domestication of Insect Orchestras.

NOT even Katydid's top note is sacred from the investigation of the moving picture camera. The most precious secrets of the insect orchestra are now to be revealed to the world, and probably by another season manufacturers of musical instruments, prima donnas and all others professionally concerned will be in possession of the information concerning cricket harmonies and locust lyrics which have been jealously guarded by the insect world for so many years.

Mr. Raymond L. Dittmars, of the New York Zoological Park, has begun the work of photographing the musical insects while they are engaged in giving their nightly programme. Mr. Dittmars is having his motor car equipped for the purpose with larger searchlights than those which he has used. He has already succeeded in making very good photographs of the milk white cricket, which, because of its color, showed plainly against the tree on which it rested, and so did not require a strong searchlight for photographing.

The car has a moving picture machine in front and two searchlights, one being used for work where the light need not be so very strong, while both are turned on when a very strong light is necessary. Mr. and Mrs. Dittmars can run the machine, direct the picture taking and the searchlights without assistance. The singing insects have been among the insect collection of the New York Zoological Park before this season, but although there is a scientific theory as to how they produce their music this is the first time that an effort has been made to photograph them in action so that their musical efforts may become subject matter for the movies.

The insect orchestra has different ways of contributing its portion of the volume of sound which rises from the meadows and hills in the early summer and the early fall. The crickets perform with their wings. Certain kinds of crickets have wings equipped on one side with a little sawlike arrangement which saws against the other wing something like a fiddle. Others have wings that are curved, so that the sound is concentrated when the wings come together. The dog day locusts have little kettle drums under their bodies, which are attached by vibratory muscles.

Not only is Mr. Dittmars concerned in the investigation of insect music, he is also a profound admirer of it and believes that no home is complete without an insect orchestra. The Dittmars household possesses an excellent insect orchestra.

chestra, which has been acoustically recruited, so that it is not only harmonious, but pleasantly varied in tone, and Mr. Dittmars has been recently engaged in helping to organize an insect orchestra for a friend who has had the misfortune to move into a new country home which was entirely devoid of crickets.

"Crickets," said Mr. Dittmars, "have various sorts of calls, some shrill, some deeper in tone, some trilling continuously. In recruiting an insect orchestra all of these are necessary. The way to be sure that you have the right crickets for your orchestra is to go out into the fields and listen before you start to catch the crickets."

When you have procured the crickets with the heavier notes, look for the shrill soprano singers and locusts will have to be added for the drums of the insect orchestra.

The Dittmars home orchestra, which was gathered by the children of the family, is arranged with small cages for the crickets, in front. Back of the shrill crickets are the crickets with the deeper trilling notes, and back of these are two high narrow cages for the meadow locusts, the chirps that tell us when the weather is going to be hot. Back of these locust cages again is the cage for the big bass drum of the insect orchestra.

On the floor of this cage seashore sand is spread out and small pots planted with the wiry grass of the seashore are set about to make the occupants of the cage feel at home. In this cage the cone headed locust, the one that booms like a big bass drum, is kept. This locust comes from the seashore, and so requires a little different sort of interior decoration for his house in order that he may feel at home and so

be able to do his best in the evening concert.

Mr. Dittmars is the most generous of impresarios. He has no desire to confine the services of domesticated insect orchestras to his own home and has recently insisted in installing a very complete cricket band in the country estate of a friend. The friend had bought a country home which seemed ideal in every way, and great was his own disappointment and that of his family, after they had been in the new home long

enough to feel acquainted with it, to be forced to acknowledge that although there was nothing the matter that they could not explain the fact remained that the new home wasn't what they had looked forward to at all. It was a frightful disappointment, but the newly installed family were obliged to admit that, perfect in appearance as the new residence was, it wasn't homelike.

"There's something missing that ought to be here," declared the disappointed householder, and for the life of me I can't say what it is."

He thought a long, long time, and everybody thought a long time, and then some one said:

"Why, of course—do you know what's the matter? There aren't any crickets here."

The enlightened household recognized at once that this was the real trouble. "What is a farm without crickets?" demanded the householder, and as every one promptly answered "Nothing" he straightway resorted to Mr. Dittmars for

assistance. The two men made a trip into Long Island after crickets and returned with a large number of cricket immigrants in tin boxes.

"Did you ever hear a cricket in a tin box?" asked the insect impresario.

The interviewer acknowledged that this was a musical treat that was still in store for him.

They are always trouble-makers. I took a number of katydids to my house to study their methods of voice production not long ago, and some of the neighbors haven't spoken to me since. Nobody was able to sleep at all, and finally a delegation of the neighbors waited on me and demanded their release. The katydid is a beautiful creature.

"Well," said Mr. Dittmars, "the folks on the ferry heard those crickets in the tin boxes. They almost drowned out the engines. They were terrible fellows, but when we got them up on the farm they did beautifully, and it's always been homelike since."

"How about katydids?" asked the interviewer. "Isn't she a member of the insect orchestra?"

"He isn't," declared the impresario with some emphasis. "As it happens, katydid is a male when she sings, or rather, that spirited dialogue which we have always been given to understand was the assertion of the gentleman and the denial of the lady as to some much discussed misdeed on katy's part is really all carried on by the male insect."

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A good cricket menu includes slices of melon, banana, berries, lettuce or an occasional piece of raw beef. The members of the Dittmars orchestra, however, have a special diet which is confined entirely to fresh corn silk. The corn silk is taken piece by piece and dangled through the spaces in the screen which forms the front of the cage and the crickets snatch at it as children do at candy.

A meadow in which there are flat stones is a good place for collecting crickets. When the stones are turned over they may be found and placed in a pasteboard box until they are put in their cages. Four pairs of crickets are enough to stock a cage. The male crickets, which are the singers, are told by the wrinkled black wings, which cover the greater part of the body. The crickets are comparatively easy to capture, but the insect impresarios find more difficulty in enlisting the locust talent. When the representatives of the New York Zoological Park go out in search of locusts for their orchestra they find it necessary to go at night armed with an electric flashlight.

The glare of the light makes the insect stop its call as a usual thing, but it remains motionless upon its leaf or stalk and may be grasped by a delicate pair of forceps if the operator's arm remains out of the light. If the locust has stopped its song before the collector is quite sure which the singer is, the light is switched off until it begins singing again. What the collector looks for in his night trips is not the insect's body, which has become of just the same color as the surrounding vegetation, but his warring antennae, which may be immediately detected while the outline of the locust's body is very hard to see against the leaf.

The katydid was the most difficult of the insect chorus to capture, because instead of stalking him in the meadow it was necessary to institute a tree climbing expedition in search of him. News was finally brought to the park that in Sullivan county the katydids live in small saplings, and from this neighborhood the katydids were finally collected.

"And the mosquito?" asked Mr. Dittmars. "The mosquito," said Mr. Dittmars, "does not mean to make a sound; they'd a great deal rather be muffled; they like to stand up and do their work silently. The sound that they make isn't a call at all, as is the music of the other insects; it's just the whirring sound of their wings made unconsciously, like the whirr of an electric fan."

Even the smallest creek alarms the crickets and they stop singing; and when they stop singing everybody in the house

wakes up, because they are so used to the sound of the crickets that they can't sleep without it. The Zoological Park keeps its crickets in cages fourteen inches long, eight inches wide and eight inches high. The front and sides are of glass, while the back is covered with a panel of one-eighth screen. A screen frame covers the top. Half an inch of fine river sand covers the bottom of the cage. Several flat stones and pieces of bark are laid down for use as hiding places.

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The members of a complete insect orchestra are the meadow locust, greater and lesser cone headed locust, broad winged locust, katydid, field cricket, smooth winged cricket and two species of tree crickets.

The noise was so great in the room where the singing insect collection of the Zoological Park was kept that something the visitors had to shout to each other in order to make themselves heard. There are five hundred insects in this collection. In a private collection, especially when the katydids are omitted and the selection is made for harmony rather than volume, the insect music is not, of course, so overwhelming.

**CHARACTER OF TONGUES.**  
GERMANY has taken up the pastime of reading character and telling fortunes by the tongue. A long tongue is said to denote openness of character; it suggests generosity and freethoughtness. Its possessor makes friends and enemies easily, but does not save money.

When the tongue is long and thick the openness degenerates into a tendency to gossip and scandal. The future of the owner is beset with troubles of his own making. It also indicates flightiness and inconstancy.

Short tongues indicate secretiveness and dissimulation. Their owners make good detectives and attorneys. The owner may acquire some money by economy and guile, but has not largeness of spirit to make a great fortune. Very thin pointed tongues are found in different people who do not succeed in life. Short and broad ones accompany craft and falsehood; the person who has such a tongue is compelled by it to deceive and betray whatever effort he may make to keep straight.

The vibrant, quivering tongue denotes the artistic temperament. Brilliant carmine hue is a sign of long life, pale pink tongue denotes both weakness of character and delicacy of constitution.

**EDEN FRAPPE.**

WHEN the first deliciously tart summer apples come to hand, one's primary inspiration is "apple tart!" And few cakes are more toothsome to young and old alike. But there are other ways of using this fruit.

Eden frappe is no more or less than a compote, or rich sauce, of the pale green apples, cooked with plenty of sugar, passed through a sieve to attain entire smoothness and then frozen, with or without a freezer. If the former is used, directions vary according to the make. If one desires to dispense with the mechanism, the apple "purée," after thorough cooking in a mound, can be tightly covered and packed in a pall with salt and ice in the proportion of one measure of the first to three of the second. This will give a smooth and creamy frappe and should be allowed to remain packed for half a dozen hours before serving. Whipped cream should accompany it, piled around it like real snow on the delicately tinted "mountain."

## The Princess Rags and Tatters

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The Princess Rags and Tatters is a dear little girl who lives in a big dirty tenement with her poor mother. The Princess' real name is Janet McDermid, and the queen mother does laundry work for a living. The Princess is always trying to find a beautiful garden which she has never seen, but about which she has many wonderful stories. One day when she is looking for this wonderful garden through the city streets she stumbles upon a kindergartener who is a lady named Miss Rose in a carriage. The Princess Rags and Tatters is welcomed by Miss Rose, and her mother promises that she shall go every day in the beautiful Kindergarten.

After this the Princess becomes acquainted with Charles Theodore Avery, a rich little boy who has all the toys he wants, but isn't allowed to play with other children. He sees very little of his beautiful mother, and so his father is dead, he is taken care of entirely by Auntie, his maid, and the French governess. He has loved the servants, talking about his grandfather, who is a great old gentleman and will have some of them, for reasons that he does not understand. The Princess wonders under Charles Theodore's window and just for fun he throws a lot of new out at her. Auntie finds him doing this and scolds him for putting him in the street.

Janet often went back under Charles Theodore's window, but no more boys were thrown to her, and a strong suspicion of the kindergartener, the rich little boy's room, Auntie came, and one day Janet was sent to her room, and she saw the garden gate open. She thought she had found her magic garden.

Charles Theodore was playing there. They had a little together, and the Princess told Charles all about her garden and her wonderful mother. Auntie came down upon them and turned the Princess out of the garden. Charles Theodore went, and the Princess started on her wanderings again.

One time after Janet wandered again in the form and just for fun she threw some of her mother's money at the French governess, and the governess pointed to come again another day.

**CHAPTER FIVE.**

**POOR LITTLE PRINCESS.**

ANGELINA was no more! But Madame the governess reigned over half of every day, and nearly always took her outings with Charles Theodore Avery. He, poor boy, just loathed going with her, for she insisted upon talking French all the time. French in the schoolroom was bad enough—outdoors it was misery. They did not go in the carriage any more, for there was a new automobile, and it was being tried on Madame and Teddy.

The man who managed it was French, and he and the governess could talk in their own language, and Teddy felt almost certain they talked about him—and his family!

Whenever Teddy thought that he sat very straight and struggled to understand the hated French. One day just as the automobile dashed up the grand avenue opposite the park a tall, handsome old gentleman came down the stoop of a splendid house—No. 7. Teddy saw the number quite plainly and remembered it for an hour of need.

"Oh! that is he now!" rattled Madame to Pierre: "that is he!"

"Who?" asked Teddy excitedly, for he had, strange as it, understood every word.

"Ah! it is understanding when we care to understand, is it?" said Madame emphatically. "Well, then, Master Charles Theodore, he is one fine physician. The finest in the whole city. How then does the knowledge concern you? Have you any great pain? The fine physician would

not come to you, no; not even were you to be dying!"

Teddy lost a good deal of this, and really it did not matter. He wondered why Madame and Pierre should take such an interest in a physician!

Many times after that when the automobile was on the avenue the tall, stern old gentleman was seen, and always Madame and Pierre turned to look at him.

"Would he come to you or Pierre were you ill?" asked Teddy one day.

"Merci! I think not. What think you, Master Charles Theodore, are Pierre and myself made of the gold?"

"No," sighed Teddy. "Of course not." Now Saunders, the gardener, was quite another matter from Pierre and Madame. He did not talk much, but when he did he used plain unvarnished Yankee, and he had the way of looking at you that made you feel you were his equal and not a thing to be scorned and insulted.

If Saunders knew of the meetings by the big gate he kept it to himself as a gentleman should. He never remarked about two little nests of pressed down grass—one inside, one outside, the gate. Saunders had considerable trouble with his eyes at times when he talked with Teddy, and he had a trick of winking that was very humorous and clumsy.

"There he was and ways of picking flowers, Master Ted," he said one day, "and a fine fellow like you does not want to make mistakes along them lines. Now to my mind the yanking off of buds real heedless is downright cruel. Give 'em a chance to see what they can do, say I."

"I say so, too," agreed Teddy, with a contemplative gleam in his eyes.

"And there be seasons for things," Saunders continued. "Every flower in its time, say I."

"I say so, too," said Teddy. And then and there he took a valuable lesson from Saunders, and the Princess' bouquets showed the result of it later.

So the flowers were passed through the iron gate, and the stories and "help with big words" likewise. When Teddy begged to have stories read instead of puzzling them out Janet grew stern and unyielding. "Are you a fraud cat?" she would ask indignantly.

"No!"

"Then come on and let's dig the story out."

They struggled and stumbled up the road of knowledge right bravely. They dug the stories out while beads of perspiration stood on their furrowed brows. When they could study no more from sheer weariness they talked and laid splendid plans for a future rich in gardens and most knightly grandfathers.

"I think," said the Princess one day, "that I will not marry you, Teddy. I want a garden all of my own. Besides, I don't believe I'm going to like your grandfather."

"Oh!" Teddy pressed his face to the bare. "You can have the garden for your own—but what's the matter with my grandfather?"

Teddy was touchy about his grandfather.

"I don't like grandfathers who leave all the hunting for little boys!" The Princess sniffed scornfully and pointed a rather grimy finger at Teddy.

"He ought to call up the periece, Mr. Pat says so."

This was a new idea and it rather dashed Teddy's ardor.

"Can't Mr. Pat look for my grandfather?" he asked. And that opened a theme of conversation that lasted until, from a far distance, Saunders was heard remarking:

"He'll be on hand at once, Madame. Such a chap is he for being on time."

Then off scampered the Princess, and Teddy turned to the affairs of state, that were stupid enough, to be sure, but could not be overlooked.

Another day when the Princess presented herself Teddy told her that he was stretching and stretching every once in a while to reach the latch of the big iron gate.

"What for?" asked Janet, with sudden interest.

"I'm going to run away."

"Where to?"

"Oh, places." Then suddenly—"How does it feel to be on the outside of things all the time, Janet?"

The Princess thought for a moment. This was a question that must be considered from many sides besides the outside.

"It feels," she said presently, "it feels sort of loose and kind of lonely. When you get hungry or tired or scared it's—it's funny unless your mudder is near, but then when you want to go it's great!"

"Well, inside," Teddy explained, "it feels tight and choky. You feel like you do when you want to run in a dream and just get stuck to one place instead. The inside of you runs, but the outside stands still."

"You can talk real beautiful when you stop to think," Janet looked admiringly at Teddy. "Why don't you think more?"

"I'm thinking—a great deal these days," sighed the boy. And so he was. His eyes were growing deeper and deeper, and often there was a wistful droop to his mouth that caused Saunders to attend to that stubborn trouble of the eyes as he gazed at the child turning from the big iron gate.

It was not long after this talk by the gate that Madame and Teddy went out in the automobile on an errand. They did not go to the park, nor to the avenue where the great physician lived. Mrs. Avery had sent Madame with some rare lace to a lace mender who lived in a quiet little house in Mulberry lane, of all places. Of course, Teddy had not the slightest idea that his Princess lived in that poor, noisy neighborhood. But the place interested him, for it was so different. At first he thought something had happened, for the entire population seemed to be in the street, but Madame in-

formed him in broken English that the people were taking their pleasure.

The big red machine dashed, dashed along as if Pierre was bent upon destroying all who took their pleasure in his path. Teddy held his breath as he saw the groups dart away or, either side of the huge wheels. They found the queer little house at last, and Madame went in with the lace. Then she hurried out and said:—"Drive quickly, Pierre, this street

frightened eyes. All night he saw her in his dreams. He wakened and started, and then buried his face in the pillow, for the Princess had taught him to bear pain in silence.

In the morning he asked Madame if she had "gone back?"

"All is well," said Madame: "I was but a little thing." And for that day Teddy grew happier. Then he went to the iron gate. Full well he knew that

if all were well the dear, faithful Princess would hurry to tell him all about it. But she did not come that day, nor the next, nor the many. The little nest outside the gate grew green and straight, and Saunders wondered why the flowers that Teddy was free to cut faded upon the bushes. No one saw the tears a lonely little boy shed on his side the fence. No one saw that same little boy stretch, and stretch, to reach the latch! And that is the reason that no one saw him catch the latch one day and set himself free.

Ah! but it was a bonny day and Teddy drew in the first free breath of his life!

"It does feel—kind of loose!" he said; then he thought of the dear little comrade, and even in the joyous June day his heart grew sad and heavy.

Was Charles Theodore Avery going in search of his lost grandfather, now that he was free? No, no! He had a more difficult thing on hand. With the knowledge that he was not made of "the gold," and even if he were that the great physician would not come to him, he was going to the great physician to beg of him to go to the Princess and cure her

quickly. For Teddy knew, beyond all doubt, that something awful kept Janet away from him. He knew the way to No. 7. It was not far; just beyond the second gate of the park. He put his hands in the pocket of his white duck knickerbockers and found the comfort that always lay there. Then he tried to whistle a little, in order to make people think he was quite used to taking a walk by himself every day. The tune came as far as his lips, then trembled away into a queer gurgle. It was a terribly "loose feeling" to be alone, and the thought of the Princess, while it spurred him to action, yet made his heart anything but a singy heart.

"She always was brave!" faltered poor Teddy as he trotted on. The sun was hot, and the way—when you walked it—was much longer than one would suppose. People stared, too—and one lady stopped and asked:

"Where are you going, little boy?" That did more than anything else to cause Teddy to brace up.

"On an errand!" he said proudly. "Oh, excuse me, dear." The lady smiled and passed on. After that Teddy made himself whistle and swing his shoulders as the Princess always did. No one questioned him further. The shoulder trick was evidently a good passport on the highway.

And then he turned into the avenue, and whistled and swung himself along until he came to No. 7. He had a bad time with his breath as he went up the steps. It came in great, solid lumps, and, really, whistling was quite out of the question. Still, there was no one to notice now, and poor Teddy gave undivided attention to his breathing. It seemed to take him an hour to drag himself up the stoop; some thing blinded his eyes so he could not see at once the little electric button. He pressed what he thought was the button, and found it was only a bit of the carving upon the door. Then he laughed, and his own voice frightened him so that he nearly cried. But he found and pushed the right spot, and the burring inside made him jump. Almost at once the heavy door swung in, and a small black boy fairly glittering with buttons and teeth stood facing him.

"I—I want to see—the doctor!" wavered Teddy.

"It stifles me!"

So Pierre set the machinery going and off they went, faster than ever. Down they bore upon children, dogs and push-carts. Shouts and yells followed them, and now and then a stone! Things were getting exciting and dangerous, and Teddy clutched the leather seat as he bobbed around on his slippery surface.

Suddenly a group in front of them caught his eye—a little, white frightened face was turned toward him. Others ran screaming away, but that sweet face still stayed in the same spot! Pierre put on the brakes. He muttered and tooted and swerved to the right, but one wheel struck the small girl in its path and Teddy saw her thrown way to one side!

"It—it is my Princess!" he gasped in horror, clinging to Madame's arm until she cried in pain. An awful uproar followed.

"Away!" shrieked Madame to Pierre. "Away!" they will kill us. We will return!" And Pierre did "away!" Teddy shut his eyes, for a sick feeling turned him giddy; but he could not shut out the vision of the dear Princess with her pretty

you will be at my age if you go on jumping like that!" (Snap!) But Teddy sat as rigid as an iron soldier.

"Umph!" grunted the old gentleman, "how old are you?"

"Going—on—to—eight!" whispered Teddy. The quiet room, the queer old man and the lookout for the snap were steadying him.

"Umph!" Just then the door opposite was opened, a lady came out and was shown to the front door by Master Buttons, and a clear, firm voice called:—

"This way, please." It was the doctor from across the hall. The old gentleman sprang to his feet and Teddy prepared to follow, but the old gentleman whispered:—

"Your turn next, son. Goodby. And remember—don't jump if you hear a noise! Get a grip on yourself while you're young."

After the old man was gone a palpitating stillness settled down. Once Master Buttons came to the door, winked, grinned and departed. Teddy hoped he would return, but he did not, and the minutes stretched away. A tall clock counted them off in solemn tones, and the boy on the edge of the big chair felt his throat getting drier and drier. Then a portrait on the wall claimed his attention and he forgot his misery. It was very strange, but soon the face looking down upon Charles Theodore became most familiar and friendly. It seemed to be wanting to brace him up, and Teddy got down from his chair and stood under the portrait, his hands clasped behind his back, his legs wide apart.

Where had he seen some one who looked so much like that handsome young man above him? Teddy thought and thought, and then suddenly it came to him—it was like a picture of his own dear father which stood on his mother's dressing table at home!

How often he had seen his beautiful mother gazing at that other face as he was gazing at this one. She used to smile sadly, and once—Teddy recalled the scene quite vividly—she had kissed the picture and cried.

The small boy decided that if the great physician was not too overpowering he would ask him who the friendly young man was who looked so like his dear dead father.

"This way, please."

The fussy old gentleman had gone and the doctor was calling rather impatiently for his next visitor; but the visitor was apparently stone deaf.

Master Buttons came to the rescue, thrusting his head into the reception room. Then—for the further enlightenment—"Hustle!"

Teddy heaved a deep sigh. It was rather difficult to turn from that strong, kindly face and take up his heavy burdens again.

As he walked into the office across the hall he stepped languidly and there were blue shadows under the tired eyes and a queer, quivering line about the grim little mouth.

The great physician looked sharply at him, started, and then gripped the arms of his mahogany chair.

(To Be Continued)

